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## Love Divided

A Sequence of Sonnets

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

"To heal his heart of long-time pain  
One day Prince Love for to travel was fain  
With Ministers Mind and Sense.  
'Now what to thee most strange may be?'  
Quoth Mind and Sense. 'All things above,  
One curious thing I first would see—  
Hell,' quoth Love."

—How Love Looked for Hell.

### PRELUDE

The tale of radiant love when first they found  
With tremulous feet the doorway to his shrine,  
And how by gradual murder his decline  
Grew with the poison of their self-wrought wound;  
Of his stripped altar and the barren ground  
Wherein their curious spirits, root and vine,  
Insensate, pulled the grape that gave them wine,  
Then plained at being athirst where springs abound:

This is the theme of his renewed debate,  
Argued in life for yawning heaven to hear;  
Or love or loss doth equally appear  
The crushing of his soul. The round he trod

Is world-old commonplace. . . . And yet — this  
prate  
Has wrecked two souls that might have won to  
God!

## I

I am the presence men call Loved-Too-Well;  
My brow is white with sadness and my eyes  
Like wells of bitter wine hide all Love's cries  
And passionate protests and each weeping spell;  
My lips are as the crimson flower-buds Hell  
Encarnadines with the shed blood of lies,  
And in my breast are chambered all the sighs  
And sadder song from heartstrings torn that swell.

Yea, on the pallor of my sorrowful face  
Lost Love will sit and gaze, remembering  
All the wild wonder of that first embrace,  
And each significant, unvalued thing  
Until, all desolate, he rise and fling  
His fair, soft body down some garden space.

## II

When the salt sterile years with arid lips  
Flaked with dead ashes, shall salute my face  
And each sad kiss engrave its burial place  
With scars of unremembered fellowships;  
When weeping love forgets his tender slips  
Of hyacinthine flowers in some space  
Of far-off meadows nourished, and the grace  
Like dew from Faith's once lovely figure drips,

In all that weary waste of words, O Friend,  
That wrecked and ruined garden of dead hope  
Whose flowers are faded and whose walls are dust,  
What solace lasts, whereby our hearts may cope  
With their own listlessness, save only trust  
In one another lodged, world without end?

## III

So spake we and so thought. Did thou or I  
Slay the frail form of Love that lies between  
Our guilty feet, encrimsoning the green  
With spilled, sweet blood? His fall, his terrible cry,  
His pallid lips, his face, his wings that lie  
Wrecked in the dust (Ah me! Their radiant  
sheen!)

His lifeless feet, his hands once pure and clean—  
Say, is it thou hast done these things or I?

What matters it? Love lieth cold and dead.

Woe unto life and woe unto our hearts!  
Woe for red wrath and dark bloodguiltiness!  
And woe for that still form whose stillness parts  
Our separate shames! There on his princely head  
Wet blood hath dabbled every golden tress!

## IV

I heard the lying preacher drone his text  
Down the high pulpit to the shadowed aisles;  
Then as some Judas wreathes his face in smiles  
Striving to hide his faithlessness, he next  
Twined round the Word his proof that the convexed

Heavens were built of love—the seas, the isles  
Informed of love—that life was love—and the  
    wiles  
Of man were love, and God was love unsexed.  
Lies, lies, all lies!—the earth, the sea, the sky,  
    And this cant parson and his devotees  
    Are lies, and faith and goodliness false cries,  
And men and women liars, and God lies  
    And Love lies—how could love have fashioned  
    these  
When only yesterday I saw Love die?

## V

Now do I taste the meaning of alone  
    To the full cup; each day and night shall cry  
    Like a raw nerve in rhythmic agony,  
Henceforward as tonight. . . . This was her stone  
Which on her regal hand imperial shone,  
    Love's token! It shall haunt me like an eye! . . .  
    Do not mistake, nor with cheap sympathy  
Demean your hate! You shall not hear me moan!  
I will not have your hands upon my face,  
    I will not take your false and fluent tears—  
    Go off from me!—Even the Man-God went  
Apart to suffer in a secret place,  
    And my Gethsemane-pain shall not be spent,  
    A raree-show, for anyone who peers!

## VI

I hate you, and I hate you, and I hate  
    The softness and the sweetness of your hair,

Your clinging hands, your lissome neck, your fair  
Broad forehead where Love sat so very late;  
I hate your gentleness importunate,  
That robs me of my selfhood, and your prayer  
To pardon fancied slights as thin as air,  
And most of all your womanhood I hate!

The tendrils of your hair are like a vine  
That clutches with unshakable frail hand  
About my throat and face; your eyes entwine  
A mesh of pity traitorous as sand!  
O God! Unsex me—blind me—stop my ears  
To her soft voice and all-too-piteous tears!

## VII

Nay, mine the fault! That added to my sin  
Is that sin's punishment do I complain;  
To see you suffer were not half the pain,  
Though twice the anguish I now suffer in;  
Yet were you hurt of me, my hurt had been  
A heaven to the hell of you in pain,  
And that my present wound was got in vain,  
You being unscarred, my heaven is hell again.

Thus wrecked on either shore of balanced doubt  
I sit before the fire, in torment tossed  
Whether I had been happier you without  
Or with the gain of you ere it was lost. . . .  
Good God! What fools—what culprit fools we  
seem  
Between the dust of life and what we dream!

## VIII

This wound we deem so exquisitely ours,  
This rarely supersensual smart, this drink  
Which parts us from the herd at whom we blink,  
Two blinded victims of unusual hours. . . .  
Faugh! We are weeds as they, not culled flowers!  
Our fancied choiceness is the primal link  
That binds us to the crowd; no less they think  
Their common coupling fit for Eden bowers.

No less in them the lordly brows of life  
By parody are made to rabbit things;  
Like us they dare not pardon, dare not sin,  
Remember or forget!—Yet here lie stings  
To lift us from the spawn: their blunter strife  
This mad last irony can never win!

## IX

Well, let us play the game out, and endure  
The masque and mumming for another day.  
We shall smile pleasantly in the old way,  
Meet at a friend's house, rise to the chance lure  
Of table talk, discuss the latest cure  
For modern life; and meanwhile madly pray  
Whatever god commands us, that today  
At least, he strip us not, nor show the sure  
Wounds on the white flesh of our cowering souls,  
Nor, bringing us face to face, so nakedly  
Confront us with ourselves. The cap and bells  
May hide as much as sackcloth. . . Who in the shoals

Of a painted face would look for extreme hells  
Of burned-out bitterness—save you and me?

## X

Love's dead? 'Tis laughable! Thou pitiful fool!

When died he, then, whom thou lamentest so?

The mirthful gods, with aching sides in throe  
Of helpless laughter caught, at thee, their tool,  
Point with derisive finger. From his stool

See Mercury, contriver of the show,

Bow mockingly! As humorous pieces go,  
Thine was more comic than the general rule.

What right hast thou to anguish or regret,

Who wert the lover in a pasteboard scene

Staged for the comic muse? The masque being  
done,

The puppets put away, the audience gone,

Thyself a puppet player should'st forget

The gilt-and-tinsel lover thou hast been.

## XI

I will go forth into the autumn woods

And talk with the sharp wind in the dead trees,

Or in the rain-swept roadways watch the lees

Of the year's giant goblet spill in floods;

The naked hills, the frozen fields, the hoods

Of gray cloud-mourners, rising muffled,—these,

As I have read in all anthologies,

Have power to cure me of my cynic moods.

Bite to the bone, ye purifying gales,  
And with your icy whips chastise my pride!  
Cleanse me, O Earth and Sky and bitter flails  
Of winnowing Wind and Rain!—Yet even there  
Upon my lips I taste your salty hair,  
And see your spirit walking at my side!

## XII

Each man looks down the dusty streets o' the world  
Toward one fair face, set star-wise in the sky  
Above the tenements; almost too high  
It hangs, pure as a shining feather swirled  
From the great wings of God, and later whirled—  
O miracle!—in one flame-figured cry  
To ride upon his heart. And men will die  
Because a star has fallen, a flower unfurled.

So, glimpsed across the ledgers one wild day  
That turned the very acrid smoke to scent  
Of lawns unpastured by my eager soul,  
You shone for me, a glory, an aureole! . . .  
Do all saints shuffle with the vows they pay,  
Or were you truly not the saint I meant?

## XIII

Who dared to part us? What blaspheming god,  
A sly smile lurking on his hypocrite face,  
Lied in Olympus to his own disgrace,  
Lied till he won from sleepy Jove a nod?  
O he shall rue that smile though he were shod  
With lightning and destruction, and though space



Rise up to hide him in a secret place  
By man undreamed of and by gods untrod!

Upon the scrawny throat of toothless Time,  
Where horrible pulsings beat, and up and down  
His Adam's-apple leaps, a circus clown  
Tuned to his jigging jests, O would each hand  
Could close to kill as sometimes in sublime  
Dreams, on your throat I feel these fingers band!

## XIV

The wild day sinks beneath a bank of clouds  
Dashed with raw sunlight in the dying west;  
A troop of dry leaves, eddying on the breast  
Of unseen gales, is scattered like a crowd  
Of desolate, dumb birds; a silent shroud  
Is on the meadows and the wooded crest  
Which late were live with many a feathered guest,  
And in my heart the autumn wind is loud.

O voice of God across the naked earth,  
Thou wailest summer as a guest that's gone,  
Who smiled so sweet and must so soon depart!  
O voice of God across my empty heart,  
Mourning a guest so sweet, so lost, so lone,  
Who stayed from dying spring to autumn's birth!

## XV

As one who drinks of rare and delicate wines,  
And tastes rich food, and hears enthralling strains  
Of music mixed with voices like soft rains  
Upon wet lawns; as one whose table shines

With shaded light of candles, marks the signs  
With wonder of departing guests—complains,  
“Outside the night is empty—see! The panes  
Are choked with darkness,” and at last resigns

The banquet with a sigh—even such an one  
Since we uprose in haste from our fair feast  
And went forth into darkness—such am I;  
I stumble in the dark and fall and cry,  
Yearning for dawn to kindle in the east,  
Yearning for thee and the delaying sun.

## XVI

We both are dead and our twin futile ghosts  
Are blown along an echo down the world  
Where shadowy men like withered leaves are  
swirled

In empty dances that no voice accosts  
To learn the meaning of those phantom hosts,  
In hollow strife on aimless breezes hurled  
To the far corners of a lost, vague world—  
We two are dead, and these are but our ghosts.

See! Here is one that weeps a phantom friend,  
And there a shadow, shaping shadowy things  
Which once were wares to buy, and silks, and posts  
To purchase statesmen—here are marriage rings,  
And phantom coins and phantom hours to spend—  
We twain are dead amid a world of ghosts.

## XVII

I was anhungered and athirst for love.  
Somewhere, I thought, his deep cool wells must be

Like liquid pearls that glass eternally  
The calmness of the sapphire sky above;  
I was aweary of the press and shove  
In life's tumultuous market place; to me  
For certain days thou wert the wizardry  
Of affluent springs I was desirous of.

So for some little while I drank and stilled  
The vague resentment and the vain desire  
And passionate thirst that lie in souls self-willed  
And sting like poison and destroy like fire:—  
Didst thou grow weariful, or was it I  
Who chafe and change like life continually?

## XVIII

We have by introspection sought for love,  
Stealing by candle-light past abstruse walls  
Or hoping to surprise him in dun halls,  
Bat-haunted and abandoned; we did shove  
Into queer doorways of the brain to prove  
What subtler passions lay within. Now falls  
His crushing mandate on us and appalls;—  
Lost is the obvious joy 'gainst which we strove.

O not by the fine-wrought lancet's pricking tip  
In intellectual clinics over sex  
Is love made whole; he is no butterfly  
Stuck on a pin for scientific eye!  
Unless he springs like laughter to the lip  
Of probings such as ours he little recks.

## XIX

We were not worthy, friend, we were afraid!  
Our souls are cowards, and they dare not speak,  
Each unto each unveiled; instead they seek  
To hide in figleaves and, being overlaid  
With manners, customs, usages, so trade  
(Lest they see friendship's nakedness and shriek  
In elegant distress) blind words and weak,  
Shrinking like Adam from life's flaming blade.

O for one hour of truthful intercourse,  
Soul bared to soul and naked heart to heart,  
One hour alone with only you and God,  
And all the mad world else a thing apart,  
Its hollow forms like scattered shards in the sod  
Broken and flung by love's tremendous force!

## XX

We were athirst for some diviner drink  
That should transmute with subtle alchemy  
The weariness of earth and sky and sea  
Into some mightier meaning. Did we shrink  
From ultimate sunless lands, or from the brink  
Of fathomless gray seas? Did ever we  
Falter or fall because some deeps there be  
Whereinto love and all things mortal sink?

Nay, we were not at fault. The unknown wine  
Wherefor we wandered in far fields and strange  
And tasted alien grapes from Eschol's vine—  
Who knows if anywhere such juice may be,

Or if our journeying's futility  
Were not the work of Time and Chance and  
Change?

## XXI

Lo, I have asked too much—I should have known.  
Under serener skies in other climes  
Of some forgotten Golden Age whose times,  
As the salt sea-spray on the west wind blown,  
Have passed to nothingness, we would have grown,  
Linked like the marriage of two matchless rimes,  
To perfect understanding. Our love mimes,  
And can no more, the face of what is flown.

Even as the maddened swirl of autumn leaves  
Caught by the dancing winds, the insane years,  
Athirst for some new draught from alien springs,  
Hither and thither whirl on restless wings.  
Here, here and here the flying goal appears,  
And there, unsought, abandoned friendship  
grieves.

## XXII

So solaced and so sternly comforted  
I am grown silent and dare kiss the rod  
And only suffer. Unto each gray god  
Is my renunciation made with head  
Bowed to his will, full-knowing love is fled  
To some dim, distant region, and this sod  
Above thy grave, O Friend, was all we trod  
In love or life—and even this was dead.

O bound to me by one last, lingering kiss,  
What profiteth regret? Be thou as dead!  
Two hearts upon this world have gone amiss  
Which might have conquered heaven! Not ours the  
    shame  
When time was all awry!—If love be fled,  
It is the years, not we, that are to blame.

*(An Interval)*

XXIII

The days that were, the days that might have been!  
Two companies are they of love and hate,  
The one with hair and brow all desolate,  
The other splendid as the cherubin;  
These with the shameful eyes of shameful sin  
And lying lips of cowardice, from the gate  
Scourge their celestial compeers while they wait,  
Stainless and silent, for the soul within.

O God! And down those ghastly corridors  
With such a sound as when the lips of Hell  
Broke out with laughter while the archangel fell,  
Like scattering wraiths of broken cloud I see  
The white-robed impotent splendors fail and flee  
As hope forsakes a soul whom heaven abhors!

XXIV

Upon the frozen hills the first wet snow  
Has delicately laid its finger prints;  
The storm-strewn sky in fragmentary glints  
Of dying sunshine lights the earth below;

The wild winds from the gray north ever blow  
Their shrieking battle-blasts; the pine trees wince  
Before them, and the tossing lake long since  
Has sowed its leaden waves with spin-drift snow.

O not in Lydian measures wrapt of spring,  
Nor with the amorous summer on thy mouth,  
Nor the rich-landed autumn, dream beset  
With golden visions of the golden south,—  
Not thus, O Earth, but crownèd with the ring  
Of winter can'st thou teach me to forget.

## XXV

In outward seeming we lived as before  
Some dreadful beats of time after the wreck  
Of our twin selves; and still no slightest speck  
Of malice hinted at love's closing door.  
At dinner we were seated as of yore  
By tactful hostesses; dancing, a beck  
Of her lithe hand, a bending of the neck—  
I sprang to walk ten feet across the floor.

So closed we moved in pacing side by side  
The dull routine of every aching day,  
And yet our sundered spirits ranged as wide  
As heaven from hell! What bitterness, you say?  
Last night before the fire I would have died  
To touch her hair in that same bitter way!

## XXVI

Not that you pass me with averted head  
Nor with dead lips speak audibly a name

That is not mine, nor ever was the same,  
Nor yet for hand unclasped or tears unshed,  
Or aught of what the prying world has read,  
For none of these do I feel any blame.

This is my crucifixion and my shame:  
I am not man enough to think you dead.

But always with unbearable sharp pain  
Across the city streets where you go by,  
Or through the impassive blankness of the sky  
Of autumn fields or woodland soaked with rain,  
The torment comes anew, inexplicably—  
Your kisses thirst upon my lips again.

## XXVII

Bowed to the master-will as by a wind  
The forest trees are swayed, the splendid tone  
Of Beethoven's Seventh is made the leader's own,  
Rising and falling with his gestured mind;  
I sit and listen; next to me, a kind  
Fat, greasy German comes to dream alone;  
On the other side two brainless women drone  
Their gossip of the latest she maligned.

Is there no rest from you? You dance along  
The tripping scherzo of the violins;  
I see you smile amid the allegro's dins,  
And in the andante's prayer at even-song,  
I hear your voice as when that night we stood  
And kissed—and hated—in the moonlit wood.



## XXVIII

Thank God we came not to the crown of love!  
Go down upon your knees and bow the head  
That we have lain not in a common bed  
While the slow hours did love's illusion prove!  
Though the long pain we two are conscious of  
Through heart and brain in agony is sped  
Until the very skies are cracked and dead,  
Our present pain how much were *that* above!

And yet—and yet—I held you one perfect,  
Co-equal with all heaven—above our strife  
Ignoble in the dust—great-souled, erect,  
Heroic, taintless, pure! This me repents:  
I placed you on those skiey battlements  
And found you grubbing in the rags of life.

## XXIX

Remembrance with your letter that I burned  
Took shape with burning: how the wind would lift  
That day the tumbled boughs, the road, the drift  
Of cloud across the pane. Each sight returned,  
Each sound and thought and speech; again in-  
urned  
In one vast western chasm the sun made shift  
To grapple with twilight till the last lit rift  
Died out of heaven as died the love we spurned.

I hear the clock tick as I heard it then,  
And even as now my hands shook and my heart. . .  
Dear God! Mere loss is not my agony!

With scalpel poised to stand as one apart,  
Probing for hidden sores love's long goodbye,—  
This is the surgery that murders men.

## XXX

Lone, lone, alone—a cry comes o'er the sea  
From the vague waters and the phantom coasts.  
Lone, lost, alone—and as light ghosts  
That die upon the wind are said to flee,  
Before that wandering cry tempestuously  
Scud the white sails of scattering proud hosts,  
And now one fades like mist, and now one boasts  
The lonely mastery of the lonely sea.

Lone, lone, alone—a rag of sunbeam glints  
Upon the vessel's solitary sail,  
And now the shapeless clouding rain in sheets  
Obscures the ocean and the visions fail.  
Love sinks and leaves me solitary, since  
Man voyages in single ships, not fleets.

## XXXI

I thought how once, when sitting side by side  
In the illusory days we knew of yore,  
Your arm loose round my neck, my head bent o'er  
Your quivering lips to kiss their amorous pride,  
And by that kiss becoming deified,  
In one brief instant while my lips forbore  
To taste their prize, my heart said, "Ever more  
This hour regret—love has no more to hide!"

O very words of bitter truth! Though all  
The years pass by me that still lie afar  
And bid me drink their memory-killing gall,  
And though love rise again, that hour shall war  
Against him, and that ever-crimson scar  
Burn on his face, a mark memorial!

## XXXII

Ah, I was not resigned, who sought to cheat  
With vain words and vain reasons and vain prayer,  
Voiced in vain wailings on the empty air  
My inexplicable sentence of defeat!  
As in old hours when pain's great hammer beat,  
My whimpering lips lay hidden in your hair,  
So hid I in enforced oblivion, where  
I fled from many memories' tracking feet.

But now—come back, O dearer than the dead  
Are dear to those who cherish them the more  
Because in vain. Return, beloved, fled  
Into far skies whither I dare not soar!  
I am alone, and all uncomforted  
I cry aloud! (She hears me—nevermore!)

## XXXIII

The innumerable hosts of every day!—  
Across the city street I saw them come,  
Drab regiments of dingy gray, and some  
Were bent like hooded friars who pick their way,  
And some mouthed o'er again the self-same say  
Of bargain and sale; and others were as dumb.

Listless and slow, they plodded by, and from  
One cope I saw peer forth a face of gray.

Their number was as sifted sand, their march  
Monotonous as the fall of autumn rain.  
O truly Hell that life should over-arch  
No grander company than these living dead! . . .  
A figure raised its eyes. "We are," he said,  
"No less recorded in God's book of pain."

## XXXIV

What paths allure thee and what pleasures call?  
Dost thou know any profitable peace?  
In what light scoffing hast thou found surcease,  
Letting thy bitter wit and wisdom fall  
At restless banquets? Or in somber hall  
And shadowed cloister of a mind at ease,  
Hast thou remembered that all agonies cease,  
And so forgotten life beyond the wall?

O shadowy lips that moving, do not move,  
I would pay all life's riches, part by part,  
To know what sorrow lingers in thy heart,  
What speech of me, what tenderness, what strife;  
Or, failing answer from the lips of life,  
To read in death the riddle of our love!

## XXXV

## 1.

Let us forget her, O ye lost fair days,  
As the bare branch forgets the leaves that were,

As the spent wave forgets its foam-flower;  
Let us forget her, for although ye raise  
A song as tremulous as the night-bird's lays  
That lovers dream by, yet, O hours, to her  
The fair sweet lips of song no more may blur  
A passion of fierce kisses 'gainst her face.

Let us forget the fall of her soft feet,  
The amber riches of her golden hair;  
She has forgotten us: it is not well,  
Even though lost love be most desirable,  
To loose the burden of remembered hair,  
To count the footfalls of remembered feet.

## XXXVI

## 2.

Let us forget her lips, O longing lips  
Disconsolate, that thirst for their warm drink  
Out of love's golden cup; let us fain think  
No more the way her each word slowly drips  
Down from the aureate beaker which love sips,  
Nor how her wavering smile would seem to shrink  
Across her hurt, crushed mouth, and sweetly link  
Her words, and make her silence amorous quips.

O lips ye long for, whereupon Love tells  
His mystic rosary and calls down his flame,  
O loathed lips that sting and burn like fire,  
O lips that sear my memory with her name,  
When shall my lips forget you? . . . "When de-  
sire  
For thine upon her lips no longer dwells."

## XXXVII

## 3.

Let us forget her, O ye empty hands  
Wherein her heart was laid for cherishing  
And once her hair lay. Love is a hateful thing:  
Let us give thanks that from his aching bands  
We are set free forever in all lands.  
Let us give thanks that now his bitter ring  
Is lifted from us, even as Day's bright wing  
Fans back the hair of Night in star-sweet strands.

"Yea, but within us did her hands once lie,  
And we have touched her mouth and breast and  
brow,  
And her kiss is upon us, and the ghost  
Of her white fingers, clasping us, doth tie  
Our strength with things remembered. O how  
Dare we forget her hands, dear hands and lost?"

## XXXVIII

## 4.

Let us forget her, my poor, dazzled eyes,  
Forget her face and eyes grown blind and gray;  
Even though, close-lipped, we clung and her head  
lay  
Along my arm, bent backward, and the prize  
Of her warm lips was mine, and her shut eyes  
Slumbered within her flower-face, lest they slay  
My sight with splendor on that deathless day,  
Let her eyes vanish as a day that dies.

Open or closed or slumbering or awake  
Love tintured them with heart-ache. Can ye not  
Forget them, O my eyes, for her own sake? . . .  
"All else of her may vanish like the spot  
Where love was in thy bosom—all else flies,  
But we are haunted by her hurt, wide eyes."

## XXXIX

Change, chance and change—the sleepless Shadow  
sings

Upon his shadowy harpstrings but one change,  
And all things pass like formless dreams and  
strange

Save the gray Shadow; even as he strings  
His instrument with vain rememberings,  
His harp fades into mist and phantoms grange  
Upon the cloudy air, whilst round him range  
The ghosts that once were half-immortal things.

Change, chance and change—even that Wraith shall  
pass

To unimaginable realms of air,  
For nothing keeps its place but fluent change,  
And all our hearts find beautiful and fair  
As our love was are shadows and alas!  
Must wax and wane as chance shall so arrange.

## XL

One perfect day that broached in radiant morn  
The deep, full-circled joy it reached at noon,  
Then faded like love's kiss until the moon

Entombed it in the sea's white burial bourn—  
Our day it was, an hour of heaven torn  
    From the great time of friendship's plenilune,  
    Flung at our feet and fading all too soon  
Into the night-tide of our separate scorn.

One day—one single day! How many days  
    Have waxed to affluence and waned to death,  
    How many hours lie buried in our hearts,  
Faded and frail as pallid love's last breath! . . .  
    Yet of that myriad but one shadow darts  
    Its phantom hand across our diverse ways.

## XLI

One hour we had together—and no more.  
    One hour we had: if it grew dark as rain,  
    Or hid its eyes and moaned and died in pain,  
We are no less its purpose; score on score  
The ravening days shall push and jostle o'er  
    Its quiet grave, some mad with greed for gain,  
    Some feverish, some pale, some black with stain  
Of sin—ours shall return—ah! nevermore.

“Where has it passed, this hour that was my friend,  
    And friend to you, and mocked us, and so died?”  
    Nay! Not for all our tears that hour shall end!—  
Our fateful period changed not with the tide  
    Of fleshly things; thou and that hour blend  
    And I to both am fatefully allied.

## XLII

Believe not that our parting was love's end,  
    Or that the inexorable years can bring



To our divided selves no dearer thing  
Than friendship was. We do not wholly spend  
The substance of our souls upon one friend  
Without some recompense, nor loosely fling  
Our hearts away like coins for pleasuring  
Some wastrel crouched beside the path we wend.

Love learns by giving to receive, and love  
Because we gave, will come to each again  
The fairer for his momentary pain;  
And this, our ruined friendship, yield him place  
On bright immortal wings to soar above  
The strange vicissitudes of Time and Space.

## XLIII

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost," he said  
Who was our last great singer; pondering  
I traced the long way we had gone in spring,  
Full-blown summer and autumn richly red  
With leaves of former sundawns; by the bed  
And cross of snow that guards how dear a thing  
Lost unto us I stood, and there the ring  
Of friendship closed like four swift seasons sped.

Wonder, acceptance, self-distrust and death  
Round out love's circle; let us pray, O Friend  
That love shall follow love down life's strange  
river  
Increasingly to some great hidden end  
As year crowds year; let us believe love saith:  
"Better to lose than to love one forever."

## XLIV

Better to lose, else all were bitterness,  
And life a shadow cast upon the floor  
Of unregardful earth, and passing o'er  
As the cloud shadows and the breezes pass.  
Rather believe our ruined friendship has  
A something which is nobler than before;  
That our friends fail, but love is more and more  
And fades not with the years like changing grass.

Did we presumptuously make trial to hold  
The majesty of all-imperial love?  
Nay, we were weak—our feet were overbold  
To reach his distant heights. Love sits above  
Our extreme aspirations, and he sends  
His revelations through successive friends.

## XLV

Words, words, mere words!—In doubtful reading  
Of some dim law of life we can not learn  
Shall solace lie? Or love's long heart-ache burn  
Less bitterly, such emptiness in heeding?  
Loss is not dear, nor death's worth so exceeding  
That loneliness doth into singing turn  
And clasping unavailing air, so spurn  
Love's low-lying head and piteous sweet pleading.

To taste the kisses of that mouth remote,  
To touch her face, to toss her splendid hair  
Let down for me, in hand-fulls from her throat,  
My pillar of fire—to set my lips just where

Life pulses in her neck—O this were worth  
The kingdoms and philosophies of earth!

## XLVI

Ah, what to me is love's work in this earth,  
Who brood and hate and brood and sonnetize  
The brooding and the hate for alien eyes  
And find it subject for peculiar mirth!  
Strange! I can sit and weight this phrase's worth,  
That word, this sentence, shift, philosophize,  
Speak sagely of the goal, the loss, the prize,  
And know that Love has known his death and birth!

And will you know I do not write it all,  
But hide by showing half, as wood-birds do  
That show themselves and keep their eggs concealed?  
Or will you think, "At last he stands revealed,  
Stands for the whining puppy I let fall,"  
And hate me more for half betraying you?

## XLVII

The days of life are as a pack of cards  
Thumbstained and soiled and scattered on the  
grass,  
And interspersed with many an emptied glass,  
And many a wine-pot shattered into shards;  
Still some slight fragrance and some echo guards  
That arbor where the silent hours pass  
With muffled feet across the sodden grass:  
For there my lady and I once played at cards.

We played with cards and uttered many a jest  
To see the summer flowers swoon and fall,  
And the dead woodbine crumbling on the wall;  
The stake was happiness—she lied—and I  
Struck from her hand the cards where now they  
lie,  
She smiled and went—and I forget the rest.

## **Autumn on the Upper Mississippi**

By A. JERROLD TIEJE

Do not shy so, timid reader. This will be no between trains automobile skirry at Moline, St. Paul, or Lake Itasca, dallying to commend the possibilities for motor-boating at Davenport, puffing to an admiring halt before the "wonderful, sloping wooden apron" that in the appropriately-titled Flour City has replaced the "noble, aboriginal beauty" of St. Anthony Falls, and finally coughing to a full stop where the Mississippi "wafts down lumber" from the "lap" of its "mother," Lake Itasca. Nor will it be a canoeist's foaming rhapsody over the magnificences of the upper gorge—punctuated literally and figuratively only by the hair-breadth escapes of the author from rapid and whirlpool. It will be but casual fragments from the mind of an uncommercial, unscientific, unsportsmanlike stroller.

More—the stroller must blushing confess that he does not know even the seventieth part of the upper Mississippi. Day by day he merely wanders over a stretch of some dozen miles at the most.

Of the material charm of the Great River he likes the best, so he thinks at intervals, the bridges Or is it the water? It was Ruskin who exhausted the vocabularies of a half-dozen writers like the stroller, in the essay to depict the wavelets of the Rhone near Geneva. Did they really dimple any more fascinatingly than the sun-touched ripples of

the Mississippi where the river sweeps cliff-banked through south-east Minneapolis—here at least not meriting its pompous epithet, Flour City. Placid homes just glimpsed beyond enmeshing trees are not unsuggestive of the dwellings of Morris's London-to-be, unless (and the stroller has the privilege of shutting eyes, if not ears) a motor-car honks its balmy way up some lawn-fretted avenue.

Not that there are always Perdita-like wavelets. The Father of Waters is too Cleopatrian for that. A real river has its miles-long stretches of seeming inactivity. It is these that make the stroller wish to shake moist hands with the river. Such stretches are like long, sinuous talks with a choice friend. The pace is possible on either side—at least it seems possible, for the Mississippi no doubt outstrips the comrade on the cliffs above. With little rivers there is no likelihood of such intimacy. Little rivers are either dull, sluggish things that breed impatience as one stumbles through endless meadows, or they are hoydenish, brawling racers that make one gasp to keep up. Take the Minnehaha. Above its far-famed Falls of the Laughing Water (what a misnomer, that) the river meanders until one quite loses temper as he slops hither and thither, then thither and hither again; and below the Falls the river absolutely tears along, as though it had something important to contribute to the Father of Waters. Fussy thing—for all the world like an over-age puppy snapping at small trees instead of dress-hems, or like a boyish man alternately frittering and rough-housing.

Not, understand, that a grown dog should have no spells of delightfully-revived puppyhood, that a man should never lie down in the high grass of intimate friendship and kick and roll to his heart's content. But dogs must mainly group with dogs and men with men. Just so with the real rivers—in general they silently do their duties.

Play tremendously they can, of course. Once the Mississippi romped wildly over the Falls of St. Anthony. But peace to the bib and tucker of the generously visible and ever-useful "wooden apron". In the stroller's most-extended walks the river, as it is, plays but once. And that is, as it should be, a delightful surprise. Ordinarily the stroller much prefers to stay on the cliffs. There are, it is true, water-edge paths to which he sometimes descends. But in following these one must climb—swing down here, scramble up there. For its own sake the stroller loves climbing. Climbing in the mountains is fascinating—the mountains are there to be climbed. Views? Nonsense. He who yearns for views should cling to Pike's Peak Railways and St. Gothard Pass Tunnels. The mountains rise austere, yet welcoming. The Alps loved Hannibal, the stroller is sure, and the White Mountains the Ambitious Guest. Did these lofty-souled ones seek views? And as the mountains disdain all who can not climb, so the Great River indubitably prefers that one walk and talk with it. How can one, if he is forever splashing in the runnels streaming everywhere, or clutching at branches to hold balance amid

loose boulders? Indecorous—most indecorous, such treatment of the ever-flowing river.

Still, at odd moments, the Mississippi calls peremptorily to the stroller to “come down.” Its syllables, indeed, are vast—like those of some tongue antedating Babel. Half-grown Minnehahas can use no more ear-filling words for their boasted “cata-racts.” The call comes first when one is far above and many rods distant. He who catches its grave sonorousness asks “A falls here?” Again the river sends out its message. One is nearer now; yet vainly one stares through overhanging foliage. But, if he loves the river, he obeys. He descends leisurely by clay-dug steps—the river speaks a bit irritably; he slides and falls, and, as he clumsily rights himself, he notes beneath him a dam. Truly the Mississippi has its surprises. Dark-green, almost black, and of smooth treacherous depth, the river whips rougishly around a vast stone escarpment of the dam, and into a channel whence, all-foamless, it rushes down to dash against lining rocks spray-clouds far whiter than those of Minnehaha. Nor does the water fall far. Here is no Niagara—not even a Saint-Anthony-as-it-was. Yet the river’s voice is bold and jubilant. A real river is speaking.

Close friendship with the Mississippi, at least for the stroller, is possible only from the banks. There the very air is friendly; in Autumn it envelopes you with just the right thickness of warmth. On the bridges it grows tricky. It would snatch your cap, if it could; it likes to make you draw your coat



tighter. And the river slips away from one so; it suggests, too, Thanatopses and ghastly "foot-prints on the sands of time." Usually, then, one does not linger on the bridges for the river's sake. One pauses to scan the river's acquaintances, its friends, its children. From the banks, indeed, one can love the bridges—great awkward giants, with one foot shaking hands, as it were, with the not altogether complimented river. The bridges are big and stout, and so admirable compatriots of the Mississippi. Beauty and the Beasts, perhaps. Or, better, Beauty and the personification of Handsome is as Handsome does. Lamb loved chimney-sweeps—at a measurable distance. So does the stroller love the Mississippi Bridges.

Who are the river's acquaintances? Just tolerated, fancies the stroller, is the huge iron basket which, at a tangent visible from the Nicollet Island Bridge, creaks noisily on a cable above the stream—near the Flour Mills no self-respecting river would use its own name. The basket is not even so romantic as the straddling Goliath of a Ferris Wheel which destroys the glory of the Seine. Dear, however, to the river must be the university buildings and that noble tower—the stroller refuses to learn its moneyed title—that rises serenely above the Flour City's smoke; from the Lake Street Bridge the smoke lightens to dreamy haze.

The friends of the river are the ravines and the trees and the scarped cliffs.

Near Lake Minnetonka the birches gleam white

across turquoise lakes. They are beautiful. But they are not the birches of the Great River. They are, as it were, a band of Louis XV ladies; they are grouped just so and the pose is perfect. The lakes, like the Versailles alleys, are only the proper setting. In general, the Mississippi's birches are not obtrusive. They are not languid. Sturdy and graceful, they cling alone at perilous angles, or gather in comrade fashion to nod goodfellowship to the river. And the oaks toss down their yellow and red children — not "pestilence-stricken multitudes" nor "hectic", but hardy Autumn-tanned voyagers eager to adventure upon the bosom of the Father of Waters. Sometimes the stroller is tempted to give them cognomens. Why not? Are not at least the sober-suited among them more fittingly to be christened Hennepin and Nicollet than are the painfully New-Yorkish avenues of the Flour City?

But, after all, the trees, even when they touch finger-tips with the water's edge, are not the real confidants of the Mississippi. They are not very old. They are not always loyal. Sometimes the stroller has the whim that they strive to call his affection from the river to them. Else why the paths that wind so far from the cliff-brink, and wherein the bravest-colored oaks and the most silvery birches lay snares for the wanderer's senses and thoughts? Not so with the ravines and the cliffs. From the far-off era of mammoth and cave-bear the cliffs at least have held tryst with the river as it yearned

to draw them near in comrade-love. Paltry, by the side of that attachment, the clinging of oak and birch. Paltry, even, the claim of the ravine of the Minnesota. As for the other reputed ravine, that of the Minnehaha, the stroller indignantly denies that it is a ravine. It seeks love for its little self—does not repeat the charms of the Mississippi's gorge, like the Minnesota's faithful chorus. The Minnehaha has a "romantic glen." Lovers seldom moon on the cliffs of the Mississippi; if they do, the stroller and others of his ilk delight in causing them to start guiltily. In the Minnehaha's "glen" lovers lurk by the dozens. And they are brazenly open in affection.

What does the Great River feel for its islands—those grotesque or beautiful things of its own begetting? Did Uranos love the children begot upon Rhea? He devoured them, we hear. The stroller knows only that *he* loves all the islands—whether they sprawl ungainly, like new-born babes of nondescript color and no garments save breech-clouts, or whether, in clinging drapery of green, they seduce the eye with varied charm of "nature" fresh "adorned." The most enticing islands known to the stroller are two. Below Lake Street Bridge rises the shapeliest and most alluring of all islands—a very Venus of islands. Trees to the water's timidest wavelet—unsurpassed profusion of shaded greens with here and there bold dash of scarlet—rippling channel on one side, sober-flowing darkness of current on the other—it is an island the stroller

would never by any possibility visit. Who does not prefer the Venus de Milos mirrored about the mere statue in the Louvre to the statue itself? Who would invade the woods of Westermains, when he might linger on enchanted borders? Who would seek bodily the Witch of Atlas?

But the brother-island far down the river the stroller longs for the acquaintance of. Alas! Here only does the river rush stormily as though warning canoe and motor-boat from annoying its youngest-born. For here are no dainty leaf-garments. Sand alone kicks itself out—sand sweet as the flesh of a baby—provided the baby bathes as often as the islet. In all verity, here is the magic sand of the stroller's childhood, that tantalizing sand which was never glimpsed of him save upon prim Sunday promenades when by no stretch of imagination were shoe and stocking to be doffed. Such reaches of sand, too; for this is a river-babe like the child of the folk-tale who gathered up fields in its apron. Surely of such sand was the shore of Crusoe's island.

Crusoe—the “very word is as a bell” to remind the stroller that he is alone with his typewriter and the hour is late. Under a soft October heaven the Mississippi rolls by, some blocks away. And of its glories at night the stroller has said nothing—of its other devotees nothing—of its birds and snakes nothing. But it was not his intent to piece together laboriously the mosaic of his love for the river. Were he of such calculating nature, he would monotonously

each day circumnavigate the Mississippi boulevards in the automobile a too-zealous friend asks his companionship in.

Yet the stroller can not say his due *Vale* to the river without touching on its great immaterial charm. Friar Bacon's brass head spoke four momentous syllables: "Time is—time was." The Mississippi can utter the four, and add: "I too was—I too am—I too shall be." But the stroller will not limn the pictures that all true Mississippi-lovers will draw in awe-struck silence.

## The Midland Library

A complete history of the Cheyenne Indians is the latest product of the pen of George Bird Grinnell. It is published under the title, *The Fighting Cheyennes* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50 net). The relations of this great tribe to the various other western Indians are discussed, as well as its part in several famous campaigns against the whites. The value of the volume is largely increased by excellent maps.

L. H. Bailey, editor of the *Cyclopedia of American Horticulture*, and recognized as one of the foremost authorities on agricultural and horticultural subjects in the United States, has written a little book of a new sort in *The Holy Earth* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.00 net). An effort is made to point out the spiritual significance of nature in rural life. The book should meet with wide favor.

D. Appleton and Company announce for publication in October an *Introduction to the Study of Sociology*, by Edward C. Hayes, Professor of Sociology in the University of Illinois. It is a comprehensive work, discussing in detail the practical social problems of today, and culminating in a consideration of education from the sociological viewpoint.

*Regulation of Railroads and Utilities in Wisconsin*, by Fred L. Holmes (D. Appleton and Company, \$2.00 net) is a discussion of the treatment of railroad and public utility problems in Wisconsin, a Middle Western state which was a pioneer in matters of regulation.

Devotees of American arts and crafts will find much of marked interest to them in Walter A. Dyer's new book, *Early American Craftsmen* (The Century Company, \$2.40 net). Mr. Dyer is already well known as the author of *The Lure of the Antique*. In the present work he treats not only the work of the early American craftsmen—in pottery, glassware, etc.,—but also the personal lives and characters of the men themselves.

Two additions to the large number of books on the Civil War are announced for fall publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons. They are *Dramatic Episodes of the Civil War*, by Rossiter Johnson (\$1.75 net); and *Lincoln and the Episodes of the Civil War*, by W. E. Doster (\$1.50 net). The latter volume joins with four other Lincoln books in the fall and winter lists of American publishers to show the ever-increasing interest of the American public in all the phases of the life of the great president. These are *Tad and His Father, an Appreciation of Lincoln*, by Lauriston Bullard (Henry Holt and Company, 50 cents net); *The Heart of Lincoln*, by Wayne Whipple (Geo. W. Jacobs and Company, 50 cents net); *Abraham Lincoln*, by Lord Charnwood, in the new *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* series (Henry Holt and Company, \$1.75 net); and the new and cheaper edition of Francis F. Browne's fine work, *The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.75 net).

# The Midland Chronicle

There is variety and evenness of merit in the offerings of the August *Poetry*. The sights and sounds and moods of the mountains are told with a fresh and sure touch in the *Mountain Poems* of Harriet Monroe. Antipodal to these in theme and treatment is the concluding series of the number, *Battle*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Here is a terse and telling picture of an every-day tragedy of war-times.

The August number of *The Teepee Book* is featured by an interesting and dramatic account of "The Wagon Box Fight," a remarkable battle between Indians and white men fought in pioneer days near Fort Phil Kearny, Wyoming.

The current issue of *The School Review*, Chicago University Press, contains three leading articles by western and middle-western writers: *The English Parish and Education at the Beginning of American Colonization*, by Carl Russell Fisk of the University of Wisconsin; *The Social Sciences in the Secondary Schools*, by Howard T. Lewis of the University of Idaho; and *The Junior College in California*, by A. A. Gray of Berkeley, California.

*The Drama* for August publishes an English translation of *The Marriage of Olympe*, a play by the French dramatist, Emile Augier. The translation is done by Barrett H. Clark, who also contributes a biographical and critical sketch of the author. Of peculiar interest to students of Shakespeare is an article by Charlotte Porter, *Playing Hamlet as Shakespeare Staged It in 1601*.



